

# Tadow

N.O.R.E.

My choppa go tadow  
It'll turn you inside out  
Her ass like tadow  
My money like tadow  
Bling, tadow (Money)  
Bling, tadow (Money)  
Ratchet, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tadow  
My choppa go tadow  
My ass like tadow  
My money like tadow  
My car like Tadow  
Bitch, Bling Tadow  
Bitch Bling Tadow money  
Ratchet, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tadow

Yeah, money on my mind, molly in my cup  
Mix with that wine, sowy in my blunt  
That's just zodiac fine, I don't give a fuck  
If you rep them dollar signs, go and put em' up  
Fuck that I don't buck back  
See I buck first, move the fuck back  
I bag that, I'll pump that, I'll real estate, I'll trump that  
Y'all be where them chumps at  
Y'all be where them punks at  
I'll be where them Choppas, Uzi's, AK's, and pumps at  
Name a town or city, I went through there  
A car or model, I went through there  
A face or shape, I been wit her  
If not wit her, bitch similar  
G's on deck, I really live this shit  
Back from Lefrak, rack, rack city bitch

Last name "Money"  
First name "I love this"  
So "love this money" is my mothafuckin' government  
Test me uh uh  
Shoot you right there  
Leave you right there  
Leave the scene, tall nigga with long hair  
Her ass like tada  
Give me that whole enchilada  
Pop that pussy for my wallet  
Sex is a weapon, ch ch pa pa  
And I'm ridin' around I'm gettin' it  
You already know my steelo  
I'm big like sellin' killos  
And you small, small like peephole  
And them choppa on my backseat  
Hand reach no plan B  
I'm the type of nigga bring a pistol to the Grammys  
Test me uh uh  
Shoot you right there  
Leave you right there  
Leave the scene, tall nigga with long hair

If you ain't talkin' dollars  
I ain't tryin' to holler

Push been on this rap shit  
Fuckin' with them guallas  
Fuckin' with them eses  
Fillin' up them chargers  
Gas ain't in them gas tanks  
Them shits fill with powder  
Caskets for you cowards  
Bang out, let it rang out  
Call my choppa method man  
No way it bring that pain out  
Raaahhh, you heard that  
Ain't no way to swerve that  
Bullets flip, you on yo ass  
That choppa push that curb back  
Yuugh, fuckin round with those wrong one  
Yuugh, spazzin' out like I'm on one  
Dark skin nigga wit a long gun  
Right there, that's nightmare  
Like elm street, this hell week  
I'm candy man with that white chyeah

[Hook]